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Useless Battle

Robert L. Smith, '30

SPRING in the Danube country once more was calling the Gipsy tribes to the road and, as they rolled slowly along the banks of the river, the tinkling banjos and the creaking wagon wheels blended with the chattering voices of children and the shrill cries of the women.

Where the blue waters of the famous river cross the border from Austria into Hungary, in a valley among the lofty Carpathians there lies a deserted village called Auranne. Every Romany tribe in its passage through the mountains makes a slight detour around this village, while its clinking banjos cease, its children walk in silence, and the women forget to sing. Every year, however, there are two members of a certain tribe who pay a short visit to the dead village while the caravan moves slowly and silently onward.

Franz Helje never passes near Auranne without stopping to walk the deserted streets and examine the decaying houses, overshadowed by the high peaks to West; and he never stops there without his little son.

"Daddy, tell me why there is nobody here but us. What has happened here, my daddy?"

"I have told you the story, my Romany child. Do you not remember the tale of the two kings? Hark, then, once more shall I speak it." And the tale was told in this wise.

There was once a king in a village of Bavaria who sent a message to the king of Auranne. "Send me a blue pig with a green tail," he said, "or else—." The king was very angry and replied, "I haven't got one, and if I had—."

Then the two villages went to war and all the people of Auranne were killed. When the two kings lay dying on the field of battle, they were side by side. The second king asked the first what the rest of his message had been. "I meant to say, 'or else one of another color,' " was the weak reply. The king of Auranne groaned and said, "I meant to say 'and if I had, I would have sent it to you.' "

"Ever since, my son, no one has lived in this village, destroyed by a useless battle. Never enter a needless quarrel, little one, and always give your neighbor a chance to explain."

Finally, the boy would no longer accept this fanciful explanation of the deserted village and demanded of Franz the real story. Realizing the earnestness of the boy, the father unfolded the story as they sat on a grassy bank beside the sparkling Danube. And now the story he told was this.

There was a boy named Franz who lived in Auranne some years ago. When he left the village to go out beyond the mountains and seek his fortune, he promised his sweetheart, Brunhilde, that he would write her a letter. When the letter arrived it was given to her father, the mayor of the village, who put it into a pocket of his coat and he, in the course of time, forgot that he had ever received it. When Franz returned, a wealthy man, ready to claim his bride, he found that she had forsaken him for another, because she had not received the promised letter. Poor Franz walked the streets in despair, not trying even to explain that he had sent the letter.

One day he was watching Brunhilde's father, who was perilously seated upon a balky mountain burro. With a sudden lunge, the burro threw the man almost into the arms of the startled Franz. As the latter lifted the man to his feet, the fatal letter fell to the ground and was immediately recognized by the grief-stricken lover. Without allowing a moment for explanation, the maddened young man drew a knife from his belt and stabbed Brunhilde's father to death.

"May your people perish, your houses crumble into dust!" called Franz over his shoulder as he jumped into the waters of the river and swam to the other side. He gained the safety of the mountains and was never heard of again by the people of Auranne. In time the leaderless villagers left their homes and joined the roaming Gipsy tribes. Scattered about the corners of the world, their descendants are even now roving over the plains of Hungary or the valleys of the Canadian Northwest.

"But your name is Franz, too, my father," cried the boy.

"Yes, so it is, my son."

"I wonder why he didn't wait for her father to explain," pondered the lad.

"I wonder," echoed his father.

The waters of the river seemed to laugh as they rushed by the bank, for perhaps, you see, they did not believe the story. But the boy believed it and who can say he did not profit by it?

Reflections on a Street Corner

Charles C. Quirk, '30

SINCE the beginning of time men have, when vexed by the travail of worldly affairs or wearied by life in general, sought a balm for their souls in the solitude of deserts, or woods, or countryside. With only the music of shifting sands and the occasional screech of vultures to disturb their meditations they have found in the wastes of the desert peace and happiness. Others have dwelt in the depth of sylvan haunts with the symphony of nature beating a ceaseless accompaniment to their thoughts and still others have taken to the broad highway that stretched off toward the horizon, seeking always to escape the humdrum existence of city life. For my part, however, I find that there is no better place on earth to give myself to meditation and reflection than amid the din and bustle of a downtown street corner. Here in the very heart of a throbbing metropolis one can find life in all its reality and all its phases. Among the heterogenous, ceaseless stream of humanity that pours by are virtue and sin, joy and happiness, personified in the supreme work of God, Man.

Early the other evening I stood in the lee of a tall bank building, trying to find shelter from the fury of what I fondly hoped was the last breath of winter. Huddled with me were a number of my fellow trolley patrons patiently waiting cars to their suburban homes. I usually give myself to introspection when in the act of waiting for my car; but this night, for some reason I cannot now understand, I tried to study the faces of the people who passed me by at the intersection of two main downtown thoroughfares. For the most part they held their heads at a protecting tilt against the raging elements, but occasionally I caught a glimpse of a face raised enough to permit of momentary scrutiny. I sought to find there in the facial expression of the few whom I was able to see, something to tell me what life had done to or for them.

The first to raise his countenance was, from the appearance of his attire, a laborer. I noticed him among the others because of the slight stoop of his shoulders and the goodly number of bundles that he carried. Weariness seemed to weigh heavily upon him and it appeared

that life to him was but one eternal struggle against poverty. Most likely he was trying to carry on the duties of father and provider on the average laborer's salary of twenty dollars a week. As he lifted his head for a brief glimpse around him, I saw on his face not an expression of futility or sourness but one of courage. I saw there an indomitable spirit that would carry him on into the years, through endless days in factory or shop, spurred on by visions of home and a growing family. He passed like a chip on the crest of a relentless current, but, as he passed, I paid silent tribute to him and to all those others who like him uncomplainingly bare the burden of humanity.

I turned again to the throng and as I did another figure attracted my attention. She hurried along, jostled and pushed, evidently carrying on an absorbing conversation with her two companions; but, unlike them, she was not bundled in enveloping fur. She wore a simple coat with a little fur collar, a small close-fitting hat, and upon her feet were the usual zippers. She was very sensibly attired but I doubt if one could call her adequately dressed according to the dictates of modern fashion. I put her immediately into that class of young women one so rarely meets. She was the kind of girl about whom young men, especially college men, would think twice before inviting to a social function, for fear that she would not make the required appearance. She was the type of girl who would go without a fur coat or a new dress in order to provide a radio for mother and father. No, we would not take her to a Prom, but we would admit that she would make a sensible wife. As she passed on to be lost in the ever-growing crowd of pedestrians I caught a fleeting glimpse of her face and I found there that which I expected, character. She was swallowed up in the maw of the stream of moving figures but, not before I had breathed a prayer to the Divine Providence to spare for me one like her a few years hence.

Buttoning my coat a little more tightly and striving to revive the smouldering embers of my pipe, I turned to scan the throng the third time for a subject worthy of reflection. I saw her almost instantly. Many poets have paid tribute to silver hair and sweet faces but the poem which made the greatest impression upon me even in childhood days was that which ended with the words, "She may be somebody's mother." I thought of that line as I looked at a third figure which flashed before my eyes and mind. She was neither tall nor short and consequently had neither the stately grace which height gives to women

or that appearance of helplessness which lack of height and old age bring about. Loaded with all manner of nondescript bundles, she breasted the storm in a sturdy fashion. Perhaps in much the same way she had breasted life. She appeared to me as the kind of woman who had survived the valley of darkness and pain a good many times and had come through the shadows willing and ready to undertake the same journey again if a Divine Wisdom so deigned. She called forth in me a mingled emotion of pity and reverent respect—pity, because I wondered why some son or daughter was not at her side with a share of the parcels; and respect, because I have that feeling for everyone who has fought the good fight, and to all appearances she was still fighting. I thought for a moment that I could not see her face but as she passed me she turned her head aside at a sudden gust of wind, and I saw shining forth from the wrinkles and furrows of care and sorrow that which accounted for her lonely and unaided presence amidst the stream of unheeding passersby, resignation. I could not discreetly approach her and offer her assistance or even voice my thoughts but I did bow down in spirit before old age and motherhood, for I recognized both in her.

Just then my car rounded the distant corner and I ceased my philosophizing for the moment; but as I sought a seat in the warmth of the car I could not help but be thankful for my few moments on that street corner, for there I had seen, in the concrete, all that the hermits, the recluses, and the adventurers had sought to find in the desert, the woods, and the broad highway. I had seen in the persons of these three people the most essential requisites for a happy life—courage, character, and resignation.



Ballyhoo!

James J. Coffey, '31

MR. JOSEPH P. GRADY stepped, or rather jumped from his "private" box car and stretching his big body, inhaled great mouthfuls of the brisk, early morning air of Hillville. Mr. Grady, better known to his confreres as "Shoeless Joe," belonged to that great and democratic order of gentlemen adventurers commonly and vulgarly referred to as "hoboes." In person, Mr. Grady, despite his unkempt and unshaven appearance, was rather a pleasing sight. He was well over six feet in height, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with clean-cut features and pleasing blue eyes. Couple this combination with a pair of capable fists and we have what our western story authors vociferously proclaim to be a "he man."

It was no inordinate love of the town that prompted Mr. Grady to choose Hillville as a stopping place; he was rather compelled to the choice by the inexorable and undeniable laws of nature. Nothing was farther from his mind than the idea of making an extended stay, for it was common knowledge to the brotherhood of the road, that Hillville, due to the activity of her police force, a certain Ed Bugler, was a town to be shunned. So it was Grady's intention to stop only long enough to satisfy his hunger and stock up a little advance supply.

With this idea in mind, he proceeded across the tracks towards the town. He did not reach his destination, however, for just as he was passing the station, Fate intervened; Fate in the person of Mr. Ed Bugler, aforementioned, insooth an ugly and ungainly Fate, but Fate nevertheless.

"Just a minute, bum, where are you going?" said this limb of the law, laying a rough and profane hand on our friend's collar. Under ordinary circumstances, Grady was rather retiring and averse to trouble. But this individual's antagonistic manner and proprietary air he assumed in taking hold of his collar, aggravated the tramp very much indeed.

"Would you kindly release your hold on my collar, Mister," he inquired politely; but his remonstrance only caused Mr. Bugler to tighten his hold.

"Come along, bum," he said, emphasizing his remarks by jolting his victim in the ribs with his club, "I guess it won't hurt you to do a little time on the judge's farm."

Grady's ire, which had been rising rapidly, now reached the boiling point. He shook himself free from the constable's powerful grasp, and when that gentleman came for him with upraised club, he dodged neatly aside, and as he did so he planted a powerful and well-timed blow on the portion of the gentleman's physiognomy which sportswriters call the "button." A second blow was not necessary for the constable crumped up as though struck with a sand bag.

"By Jove, boy," said a voice behind Grady, "you pack a mean punch." Grady whirled, expecting more trouble, but what he saw caused him to unclench his fists. At a distance of three or four yards stood a short grey-haired man, comfortably rotund, wearing a derby and natty blue overcoat of the latest fashion. The smile in his whimsical blue eyes was evidently contagious, for Grady's white teeth flashed in an answering smile. The little man, thus encouraged, drew nearer, much after the fashion of a friendly little dog. He looked down at the prostrate form of the constable and then admiringly at Grady, "Out cold," he remarked, and without punctuating, "Say, what a sock you've got, brother, let's go to my machine before he wakes up."

Thinking that there would probably be a meal somewhere in the adventure, Mr. Grady followed the little man to his machine, a big Packard, standing beside the tracks. They entered the machine in silence. They remained silent as the big car sped down the hill and across the bridge. In silence they sped through the town, but when they reached the state road, the little man slowed the car down a bit, and with a dry chuckle chortled, "I'll bet that fellow doesn't know yet what struck him. My boy, you carry the hardest punch I've seen since the gay and palmy days of the great John Lawrence Sullivan. I had no idea when I came down to leave that telegram, that I'd stumble upon the chance for which I've been waiting years. By the way, my name is Dan Barry. I'm a manager of box fighters. I run a health farm in this God-forsaken hole. There's my pedigree. Now, who are you.?"

"Well, Mr. Barry," replied Grady, shifting his knees to a more comfortable position, "as you can well see I'm not the Morgan heir. Now, if you were some sentimental housewife, for the sake of obtaining

a good breakfast, I'd break down and confess that I was a discouraged widower-artist. If you were her sweet young daughter, I'd tearfully admit that I was a musical genius and for two bits drink money, I'd embellish the story by telling you also that I was the profligate son of a wealthy oil magnate. But you seem to be a pretty white guy so I'll tell you the truth. My name is Shoeless Joe Grady, I'm an impecunious wanderer or to get down to the vernacular, a bum, and just at present there's nothing I'd like better than a good meal, and if possible, a nice long draught from the cup that cheers."

"My boy, you'll get your meal all right," put in Barry, then with a kindly smile, "but no fire water." I'm going to make you the heavy-weight pugilist of the entire civilized world. Did you ever do any boxing?"

"Well, Mr. Barry, I have boxed a little, I was regimental champion in France."

Barry's commonplace features registered nonchalance, "Not so good," he remarked, "the game is overloaded with ex-soldiers, no color there. You see, kid, what the people want is color. If you were from the Arctic Circle and didn't know your right mitt from your left, we could bill you as the 'Fightin' Esquimau,' you'd be worth a fortune, but you're only an American. With what branch of the service did you say you fought?"

"Air," replied Grady, laconically.

"Well! well!" muttered Barry. "Not so bad, the 'Fightin' Ace,' we haven't had any fightin' aces; there's a little color to that, but not enough. Well, here's where we turn, there's my place at the top of the hill. We'll go in and get acquainted. My wife will fix you up."

* * *

About two hours after, as Grady was "sparring around" with one of the boys from the "stable," Barry called him and introduced him to a small, nervous-looking man, quick of action and speech, whom he designated as "Howie Roberts, our press agent."

"How do you do, Mr. Roberts," said Joe, bowing, "I'm glad to make your acquaintance."

"Well, I'm a monkey's uncle," gasped Roberts, then to Barry, "This lad doesn't talk like a pug, Dan." "Say, kid, where did you learn all the parlor language?"

"Oh!" answered Joe with a sheepish smile, "I went to high

school for a while, but don't hold that against me, I talk that way only while I'm in company."

"What's your idea, Howie?" put in Barry. "A high school education rates about as high here as it does everywhere else, which is nil."

"Just think, Dan," answered Roberts, "you told me that the kid had no color; you're wrong, he's loaded with it. The game has had fighting tramps, newsboys, sailors, blacksmiths, bootblacks, wild bulls, et al ;but it has never had a fighting vocabulary with a Greek profile. That's what we'll make this kid, a fighting vocabulary; if Tex wants color, he'll get it."

Grady's course of training was intensive. His first name, Joseph, was dropped for the snappier name of Ted. He was ordered to learn sesquipedalian words and to adopt the Hawvahd accent. Every time there was a newspaper reporter on the premises, he was sure to be found perusing some scholarly work.

The first reporter to recognize his literary inclination was Sawyer of "The World." Sawyer came up to get an interview for the forthcoming milk-fund fight. He came upon young Mr. Grady, diligently reading from a huge blue volume. Thinking that the tome was "The Automobile Blue Book," Sawyer came up behind Grady, intending to give him a little advice, if he were contemplating a tour. He looked over the shoulder of the apparently engrossed young man and what he saw almost made him dizzy. Instead of the title "Automobile Blue Book," which he expected, the title that confronted his popping eyes read "The Naturalistic Philosophy of Descartes."

"Cogito, ergo sum," murmured the reporter weakly, or in other words, "Fan me with a brick."

The next morning the widely read sport column, "Looking Them Over With Bob Sawyer," carried the heretofore unheard of news of a prize fighter who read something besides the Police Gazette. The news created a furore; it became the chief topic of the day, not only of the sporting but the non-sporting public. Roberts made the most of the excitement caused by Sawyer's announcement, and before long had attracted the attention of that great impressario of boxing, Tex O'Tool. At last they were in "the money."

Ted Grady was being touted for the championship. In quick succession, he scored knockout victories over Kid Flash, champion of Europe; Young Strongheart, Gunboat Rockne, and Tiger O'Duff,

leading American contenders. Finally, at Madison Square Garden, he eliminated Jim McBride, the only man who had gone the distance with the champ. People began to clamor for a meeting between this new sensation and the champion.

In the interim, although quite busy in the ring, our young man was far from idle, from a literary standpoint. Every paper carried a picture of the studious contender with a favorite book in his favorite nook. He even wrote a paper on "Appreciation of Shakespeare," and submitted it to the National Association of Shakespeare Lovers, for which he was commended by Miss DeWitt, the society's president. This was too much even for Barry. "That's going too far, Ted," he said, "I know the people like to be bluffed, but even Barnum didn't try writing about Shakespeare."

When Ted told him that "he really was compelled to keep his public," Barry was dumbfounded.

The next paper, a scholarly treatise on "Moral Theology," he submitted to Harvard School of Theology for which he was publicly praised by the reverend dean of that institution. Two days after this paper was published, he entered the ring before a howling crowd, and methodically beat the champion into submission in ten rounds. Thus ended Ted Grady's public career in a blaze of glory. This was his last fight. Immediately after this battle he went to Europe on an extended tour, in order, so he said, to study at European Universities. From that time forward, the world heard little of him. Finally, he dropped out entirely.

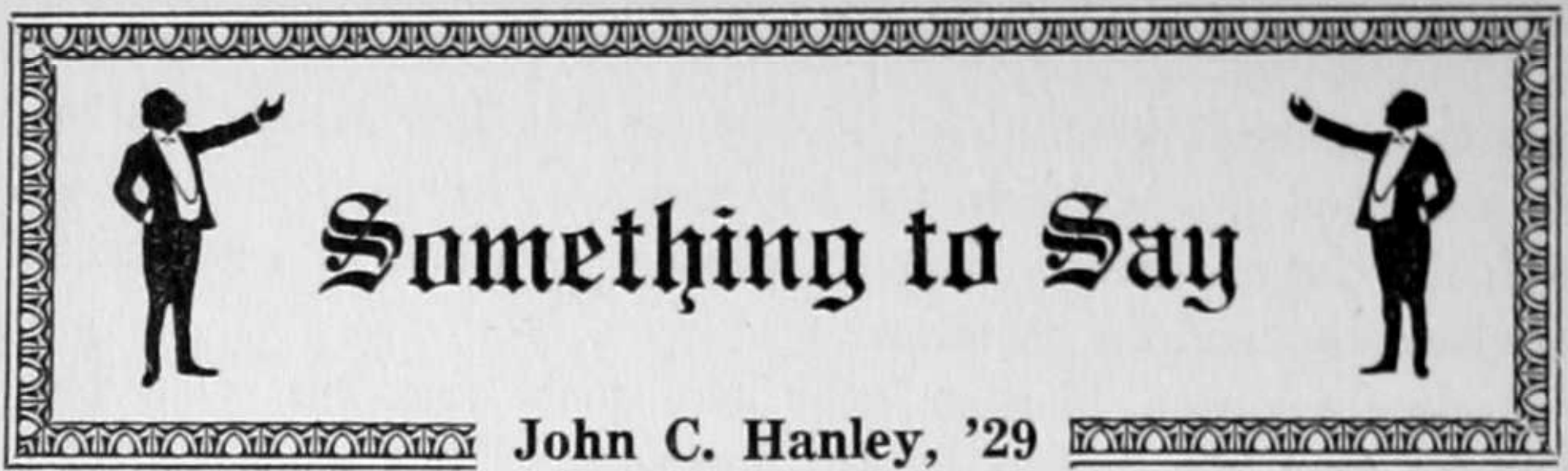
* * *

Editor's note. Five years later this dispatch appeared in the daily papers:

Lac Fer-blanc: Alberta, Can.

Jean Jaques Laflame, saloon-keeper was badly bruised about the head and face when he attempted to eject an alleged "hobo" from his establishment this A. M. The hobo, a distinguished-looking man, wearing a vandyke beard and standing more than six feet from the floor, administered to Laflame, a notorious bad man, a sound thrashing. Laflame is in a bad way at the city hospital of Alberta.

(Sis transit gloria mundi)



CONCERNING CLASSES.

"My dear, you mustn't say 'gentleman' nowadays. We've handed over 'gentleman' to the middle class."

A Pair of Blue Eyes

Thomas Hardy

There are certain manners of conduct, certain attitudes or poses distinctive of certain stations in life that are called class virtues. Sometimes they are called class vices. But if they are anything it is possible that they are only vices; for a pose, a simulation cannot be a virtue. It has no intrinsic nobility, no claim to reward. It is as devoid of warmth and animation as the smile of a waxen mannequin. The mannequin's smile is an empty thing, an overt artifice; but at least it is a deceit that excludes any other deceit. The artificer has expressed his intention so directly as to contravene the possibility of frown or pout stealing over the moulded features.

This is a crude analogy but it reminds us that something of the same sort can be said of what are called class virtues. These, too, are unreal. Class virtues are not syntheses of individual virtue. They may not even ratify individual virtue. But the important thing and the fortunate thing is that they cannot ratify vice; for then the pose would be broken, the simulation discovered. While the semblance of virtue is maintained, whatever is opposed to it cannot be countenanced. Class virtue is a moral scarecrow.

It was an efficient scarecrow not too many years ago. In these years the middle class had its distinctive virtue. It was upright, sensible, straitlaced. The words mean nothing now. They had no applicable meaning then. They were names for an attitude. The attitude itself was a governing ogre that pronounced destructive sentence upon such revolts as divorce. Divorce was frightened away by the ogre, the straw-stuffed effigy that was the embodiment of the sanctity

that most of the middle class were presumed to possess and did not. So it was fashionable to regard divorce with conspicuous horror. The sanctity of marriage was firmly entrenched behind the ramparts of middle class faddism. It was only protected by a fad, however, and of course the fad was superseded. The fashion succeeding it involved a new pose that was frankly the champion of divorce. The middle class went over to the enemy camp with an alacrity and a willingness that cast unfavorable reflections upon the sincerity of their previous affiliation. The capitulation became something of a stampede and we cannot yet safely say that it did not sweep all before it.

Lawyers and judges became busy men indeed. The court-room became a theatre presenting all that was breath-taking in tableaux and dramatic reenactment of dramatic scenes taken from real life. And the women who frowned at mention of divorce twenty years ago became the rejuvenated dames of today who clash with the police in their determined efforts to be among the auditors at a divorce trial. They pursue their avocation zealously, pushing their way into courts with magnificent disregard for the duties that claim them at home. In more ways than one has divorce broken up the home.

It is interesting to inquire into the causes of this change. They are many and complex, but it suits our purpose to treat of one only. Divorce was bequeathed to the middle class. It was the gift of the aristocracy just as the virtuous attitude preceding it was a gift from the same class. The heirs received the first bequest with proper humility. They welcomed the second joyfully. They accepted a false spirit that was called righteousness, then a real spirit that was the abandonment of righteousness. The upper class sets the fashion in morals as it sets the fashion in clothes. And it discards a virtue as disdainfully as it casts aside an outmoded pattern. The next class seizes both with indiscriminate avidity.

So the initial fault seems to rest with the upper class. We may cavil at the dependence of the middle class. We are justified in doing so. As a class, it has accepted everything with the abject abasement of a poor relative taking dole from wealthier kin. But there was one thing the plebian could not accept. He could not accept the honorable notion of "noblesse oblige." That belongs peculiarly to nobility. No other class may claim it as a class. For this reason it had to disappear for its proper guardians handed it down when there were no hands to receive it.

Colophons

John J. Silva, '31

WHENEVER a man adopts as his vocation the writing of essays, short-stories, poems, or other forms of literature, he invariably cloaks himself in a mantle of individual style. I am able to recall to mind a most striking example of this strange individualism. About four years ago, I was wont to read in their entirety the successive copies of a certain weekly magazine. This periodical, I have reason to believe, employed a special staff to write its articles, for week after week I noticed the same names in the table of contents. After a few months, I had but to read the first two or three paragraphs of an article to determine the identity of its author. In fact, I made quite a pastime out of this; I purposely refrained from looking at the name of the writer in order that I might guess his name from his style.

Moreover, I believe that this distinctive style is the main cause of some authors' influence over their readers. When a reader is greatly attracted by a writer's method, he is (unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less forcefully) influenced to model his own writings in a similar vein. Especially is this true of students who write themes only when their teachers give assignments to them. For a pupil in high school is not only learning to write with a distinctive style, but also imbibes the mannerisms and characteristics of the authors whom he reads. For this reason, he is far more susceptible than the ordinary reader to a writer's sway. In order to gain a style of his own, he takes all the qualities of the authors he meets, melts them in the crucible of his mind, and when he cools the residue, he finds himself the possessor of a form of writing peculiar to himself.

I know that this fact was true in my own high school days. I remember how one passage in Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette" "*a slender shafted pine*" always caused me to have a tendency toward alliteration. There is no particular reason why this passage and not another should have thus influenced me. Perhaps the blame belongs to chance. Even now, when I see alliteration in a story, I am reminded of the "Idylls of the King." This is but one example. No doubt, other

authors influenced me in other ways, but it is rather difficult to say just what man prompted me and in what way. For all authors do not have their influence merely on the style of their readers; they also have an effect on the matter of their writings. However, when a man reads for enjoyment and relaxation (a thing which almost all men do nowadays), the style of the author does not move him as much as does the personality.

It is most remarkable how a man's writings will reveal his true character. If you were to read the same author time after time, soon you would become as closely acquainted with his mannerisms and his idiosyncrasies as if you had been personally introduced to him. But unlike personal friends, I find that authors seldom deviate from their first impressions. Thus if a man possesses good books, he is never in want of friends; for no matter what happens, books will still maintain their unchanging good will. Books, I think, constitute a fraternity of the highest quality. The dues are small, but the benefits are lasting.

April Inkling

A robin is gathering mud
To plaster his home;
The violets timidly bud
In the frosty loam;
The brook is a rushing flood
With a muddy foam;
The maples are leafed in blood,
And the grass starts to roam.

Carroll Hickey, '30

Amnesty

Francis Skalko, '31

AS AN elderly man I have acquired an aptitude to animadvert upon essentials, and, therefore, I am indisposed to treat with fortuitous ideas, which are at once furtive and ineffable. I am inclined, however, to write at length on an interesting chapter of my history.

My plangent life, although steeped in obliquy, is not wholly a failure. If compared with the lives of others, it is not successful; but then, I never lived as a sybarite. Vindictive as these last words may seem, I regard the human race with charity—I know what it is. During my tenure in foreign prisons, I was often left alone, as was my lot, with nothing but fancies and nonentities for thoughts. Days went by, months passed, and the years measured my solitude. I possessed no intellectuality. By chance a convict was thrown in with me who knew chess, and, when he taught me the game, with crude men fashioned out of wood and with the cell floor as a board, we played until I became fairly adept. This innovation, for it was, made a sudden change within me—I *began to think*. Consequently, along with a penchant for thinking, my curiosity arose and in course of time I inquired of my cell-mate if he could read and write; and if so, would he teach me, for I had forgotten all I had learned. He told me that he was an alumnus of the University of Dublin, in prison by order of the English ambassador (we were in France) for taking part in an assault on the embassy and outraging the British flag, but of a noble family, however, and a man of honest intentions. He readily assented to my proposal, and being no ordinary prisoner he received books for my instruction on demanding them from the authorities.

I might remark now that a strong friendship arose between us, because he was interested in me and my adventures, and I in his accomplishments, for the man was a genius, out of whose munificence I was to reap so much. In teaching me, he appealed to my imagination, begging me visualize the particular thing he emphasized, be it abstract

or concrete. I discovered later that in doing this, not only was my memory improved, but I would often transcend the limits of my confinement and view things and people in the same manner as the author whom he had finished reading and discussing. My friend was an expert in hermeneutics and could discourse upon the Scriptures as a Vincent Ferrer, holding me enraptured and fascinated the while. He often went very deeply into subjects until sometimes I could not follow him. His topics ranged from abstract aesthetics to theories of the fourth dimension; most of the talk ran to philosophy and metaphysics. But to all this flood of pearls I registered dumb amazement, and once, when my expression must have been extremely blank, he told me that perhaps I did not understand then what he was telling me, but he was assured that it would make a subconscious impression which would eventually emerge as conscious realization. The man was ahead of his time. His judgment on literary matters was infallible. He criticized Poe's vanity of his power of ratiocination, Francis Bacon for his dicacticism, and Plutarch for plagiarism! Satirists were emetic water to his stomach, and he denounced them with his curt phrase, "The sword may carve fine art, but the bludgeon never." He appreciated the artist for his effort, and would not condemn a man if he failed.

Thus was my singular education advanced until I was as proficient as I could ever hope to be. My friend bade me to travel to ancient Rome and Greece, to look from Parnassus, to dwell along the Nile, to seek communion with great minds through books; and after he was gone to remember him in the pages I read and the lines I wrote. Our parting after such sweet and happy comradeship affected both of us very deeply. I could feel the lump in my throat for days after his departure. He directed me to the fountains of knowledge that I may drink therefrom; and now I always sip with a thought of him. In every new book I read I visualized my friend; and I have seen him often in the authors I have met. Each time I lay down a book when I have finished, I experience that sad parting once more. Ah, I regard him tenderly for the happiness he has bestowed on my unfortunate life, for his inspiration, for his kindness, for his knowledge. He made me believe with Lovelace, that

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Book Review



John F. Keough, '29

*Critics, appalled I venture on the name
Those cut-throat bandits on the paths of fame.
—Burns.*

These words of the Scotch bard anent critics express the popular opinion. Criticism has come to be as a synonym for fault-finding and not without cause. From early times literary hack writers have belittled the works of the great authors and in the modern day this evil has been aggravated.

The general reading public are apt to regard critics with apathy or, at most, amusement. But the literary profession takes the subject very, very, seriously. Writers claim that they arrive at success in their field, after long preparation and years of reverses only to have some wretched fellow who brings no training or experience to his work. Byron expresses the viewpoint of his fellows. "A man must serve his time to every trade save censure. Critics are ready-made."

It is, indeed, true that many of the critics have never made a success of criticizing other fields. Those authors who have essayed criticism have failed because of prejudice or other reason. Poe's criticism of Hawthorne is the classic example in American literature. The more successful critics, it is true, have dabbled in literature. R. F. Murray has to say of this aspect:

Every critic in the town
Runs the minor critic down.
Every critic, don't you know it,
Is himself a minor poet.

It is easy to find fault, difficult to arrive at perfection, and so the critic is as welcome in literary circles as the fifth hand at a bridge table is in social circles. In the popular concept a misanthrope makes the best critic, and the man who has soured on life excels in literary appreciation. De Revarol is harsh, extremely harsh, in his denunciation.

"Little wits triumph over the errors of great geniuses as owls rejoice in an eclipse of the sun." But while they may hate critics, authors and playwrights respect them as powerful dictators who may ensure their success or bring about their failure. An occasional instance of triumph over criticism, such as the well-known case of "Abie's Irish Rose," gives cause for great elation.

And now,, perhaps, I ought, like Malcolm, "here abjure the taints and blames I laid upon myself." In spite of what may be said, criticism is a recognized field of literary endeavor, which includes great men of the present-day world of culture. And the critic is not without reason. He is a valuable check on radical tendencies in literature. While it is true that many critics have no background, have served no apprenticeship, nevertheless, there are many, and among these are the truly great, who base their works on a perfect knowledge of the world's best literature. The opinion of writers on the subject of criticism must obviously be discounted. The one remaining objection, namely that critics have not attained any success in the works they criticize is without ground.

BOOKS OF FORDHAM VERSE

[The Hartigan Press, Worcester, Mass.]

It seems that the publication of college verse in collections, such as the one we review this month, should be more widely practised. Much that is good, somethings that are excellent are contributed to college periodicals. The selection of the best of these and the publication of this selection presents the works of the students to a greater reading public.

While we would rejoice in seeing the more common publication of college verse, we would be surprised to find many collections as good as that offered by the Fordham Monthly.

Youth, vigor, enthusiasm and optimism characterize the poems contained therein. The themes are the themes of youth. Love, nature, adventure, stir the college bards to activity and they respond beautifully.

And these poets are not mere copyists. Their efforts are singu-

larized by originality of viewpoint and novelty of treatment. Underlying all of the poems is seen the joy of living, a keen interest in progress, and a vigorous, active sympathy.

As varied as the themes are the metres. Some essay the fashionable "vers libre" with fair success. The majority, however, cling to classical forms and many to classical themes.

"Thaliarchus," by Peter A. Meagher, impressed us especially. It is certainly in accord with the spirit of Horace. Poems of James H. McCabe, George Graenger, Francis A. Walsh, and James J. Sheridan are deserving of signal merit. We shall look with interest for the future works of these men, who should attain recognition in literature.

"Little America"

Far south he sped, who had known the north,—
South, where the midnight sun
Was pouring its magic splendor forth
On frozen lands and seas.

He found a mountainous land of ice,
Bright in the midnight sun,
The barriered south, a paradise
Of silver lands and seas.

Carroll Hickey. '30



Exchange

Ambrose V. Aylward, '30

We often wonder where the idea germs are created which take root in the minds of editors and appear full grown in collegiate magazines. Does the editor merely seat himself comfortably and gaze abstractly at the ceiling until some thought registers or does he study conditions about the college and proceed with inspired pen to sponsor, correct, and encourage?

Editorial writing for monthly or quarterly publications presents a serious problem, for the topic which the editor feels he could treat opportunely today will perhaps be antiquated before his copy goes to press.

Another problem presents itself when the editor considers whether he shall write of events which concern the world in general, the sort of news we read in our daily papers; should he choose to discuss topics drawn from the collegiate atmosphere about him or should he write for the alumni and seek to produce an intimate touch between those who have been and those who will be? Or should he endeavor to follow a cooperative plan, and by so dividing his columns seek to placate everyone?

This, we suppose, is the enigma that puzzles editors when they have ground their pencils to the point and have dishevelled their hair in search of ideas.

Suppose we devote a little space to the task of ascertaining just what editors do write about.

Turning to the stack of magazines before us, we find that the top copy is "*The Laurel*" of St. Bonaventure's College. Opening to the editorial section, we first meet a consideration of "The Birthdays of

Great Men." This article, in our opinion, is not only well written but timely as well, since from a patriotic viewpoint the month of February is devoted to the first and sixteenth leaders of our nation. The next editorial in this same journal is entitled "Hail, the Seniors" and serves not only to delineate the metamorphose which four years of college life occasions in the student, but also treats of his future responsibilities without the customary artificialities of commencement orators. Next we have an editorial directed to the student body with reference to the Junior Prom at St. Bonaventure's. And finally, a very lively topic is considered, "Soon We Shall Only Grunt" being the caption. This inquires into the advisability of discarding the old stereotyped forms of business letter writing; and the conclusion reached is that we can no more omit the customary "Dear Sir" and "Yours truly," than we can refrain from our daily "Good morning" and other salutations.

The February issue of the *Holy Cross Purple* is limited editorially to one observation which is headed "The Prophet's New Conquest." This is a discussion of the all important subject which came to the spotlight some years ago under the encouragement of Mr. Volstead. The editor places himself between Mohammed who declares that liquor of all kinds is abhorred, and Christ who exemplified His viewpoint at the marriage feast of Cana. After sagely looking in both directions, the editor wisely concludes that the course of Mohammed, which we have been following for ten years, is a total failure; and we are advised to return to the path of Christ by obliterating forever this futile "noble experiment."

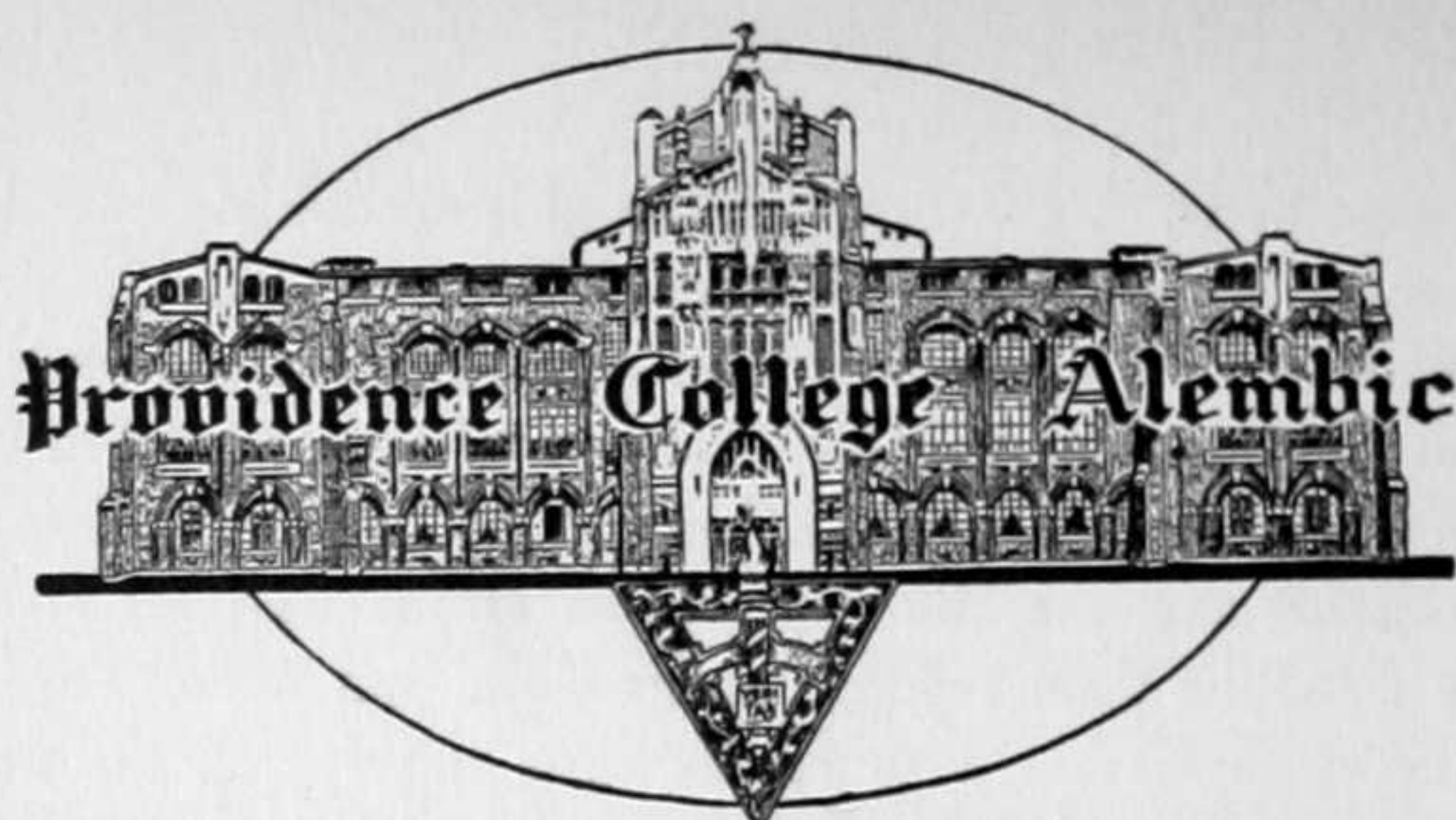
The *Boston College Stylus* treats, under the title "Means to Peace" the subject of world tranquility. The editor points out that all the efforts which have been made in this direction have proven barren, and wisely concludes that the reason for the inefficacy of man-made plans lies in the fact that "Peace is God Made." The second and last editorial in this same magazine is "English and the News." Herein we find the editor of the daily newspaper discussed. He must give to the reading public the news while it is news, and he must offer it in such a way that it will be pleasing and yet educational. Many persons today read nothing but their daily newspaper and as the author says, "to the average newspaper editor this should be a very salient fact in the administration of his sheet."

Passing into the realms of feminine journalism, we find the *Rosary College Eagle* devoting first editorial position to a plea directed

to the student body. Very pleasingly the girls are asked to awaken and appreciate the architecture of their buildings as well as the numerous painted works of art which adorn the interior. The next subject is of a spiritual nature, asking that the results of a recent retreat be perpetuated throughout life. Finally Shakespeare is given consideration, the editor declaring that the best appreciation of the Bard of Avon does not come from the mere reading of his work, but rather "to see any one of the performances is to realize once and for all the universal, omnipotent genius of Shakespeare." "

The editor of the *Fordham Monthly* seeks to answer the potent question "What is the matter with the Colleges?" After conceding the fact that there is something the matter, he points out that the fault lies with the students themselves as exemplified in the decline of the scholastic attitude which is so evident today. On this topic the editor says, "Again, the student of today is not the student of past generations. The students who concerned themselves with political and economic reforms were, in the first place, older in years than our present college men and, secondly, infinitely more serious in their studies and ambitions."





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Thomas J. Curley, '29

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Editorial

Thomas J. Curley '29

WHY?

Ever rife in the world is speculation upon the existence of God. There are those who cry out, "There is no God!" We call them fools, and surely they deserve no pity. There are those also who believe there is a God but in such a vague and hazy way that the belief has little influence in their lives. By these weak believers a Catholic is often asked, "Why do you believe that there is a God?" Strange to say, many of the Faith can give no other answer than that they are taught a Supreme Being exists, and they accept and believe it as part of their religion. But an unbeliever will never be satisfied with such an answer,—more is needed; an appeal to reason. The faith of our fathers gives us ample proof for belief in God but for those born outside the pale of the Church we must needs resort to reasonable arguments.

The proofs of God's existence as advanced by reason are both unfailing and abundant. All of us should be prepared to give any inquisitor sufficient and convincing reasons why we believe that there is a God. First, we might mention the historical argument in which it is proved that even after the deluge, when there was a religious and moral cataclysm, the ancient races never entirely lost sight of a Divinity. We might state that eminent men in the scientific world, men like Pasteur, Kelvin, Pupin, and even Darwin, all admit that there is a God, the Prime Cause. But particularly should we emphasize the proofs of God's existence which are generally known as the Moral argument, the Philosophical argument, and the Physical argument.

Such an enumeration may be vague to some of our readers and so we enter upon the briefest possible examination of these arguments. Allowing the two first arguments, the one drawn from history and the other from the testimony of great scientists, to be in the nature of introductory presentation let us stress the latter three. We shall consider the Moral argument—in which the existence of our conscience, the

monitor of our thoughts and actions, proves that there is a Supreme Author of all things, Whom we call God.

Everyone, even the unbeliever and the weak believer, will admit that there is within us a vigilant judge, an inner voice which is the interpreter of our acts. It is the law under which we live, it is our proximate standard of morals. Experience shows us there is in all men a law morally binding them to practice good and to shun evil. Such a law presupposes some Legislator for without a law-giver there can be no law. Moreover, from such a law as binding and as universal as the moral law, we, of necessity, rise to a Supreme Being, immutable and eternal, Which we call God.

The arguments, however, which have withstood most consistently the attacks of the atheists and have been an impregnable barrier against the forces of scepticism and un-belief, are those given to us by St. Thomas Aquinas in his *Summa Theologica*. Aquinas divides the Philosophical or Metaphysical argument into the argument from movement, the argument from efficient causation, and the argument from contingency.

In his argument from motion (and by motion we are to understand the passage of a being from potentiality to actuality, from potency to act, from capability to realization) we gather that things in this world are constantly in "motion." We grant with him that motion, in the sense explained above, does not come from the thing itself; it cannot, for one thing must be already in actuality to bring another thing from potentiality to the state of actuality. This force, then, which creates such motion must be extrinsic to the thing about to undergo the change. But we cannot proceed in an infinite series of extrinsic casual beings arriving at no first being. We are forced to admit, with the Saint, that there is a First Being Who receives no external influence. We call that Agent, the First Un-moved Mover, the Source of all other beings. That Agent and Source we understand to be God.

In the argument from efficient causality we are reminded that in this world of sense a thing cannot be the cause of itself; for then it would be prior to itself, i.e., it would have to exist before itself; all of which, of course, is absurd. In all efficient causes, the first leads to the immediate and these later lead to the final. We cannot remove the first cause because we would thereby remove the first effect and consequently all the other intermediate causes. Here again we must needs posit a Cause which has its reason of being in itself—an uncaused cause. To

illustrate, let us suppose that there hangs before us a heavy chain. As it is suspended before us we seek to know whence it comes. Link by link we mount higher and higher, noticing as we go that each link is supported by another directly above. We recognize how the intermediate links assist the link from which we began. But we cannot go on infinitely; we must finally arrive at some beginning link supporting all the rest. And this world, which we liken to a great chain with its links of causes and effects, must depend upon some beginning, some First Cause unsupported and independent which is the reason for the existence of all other causes and effects. This First Cause we understood to be God.

Another metaphysical argument is taken from the dependence of beings. Things such as the moon, the stars, and the sun have nothing in their make-up to prove that they have always existed. They must have had a beginning. There are those who say that everything in the world, the universe, and all things were brought about by chance—a happy concussion of atoms! We heartily agree with the Right Reverend Bishop Vaughan who says to those who advance such a theory: "Did the hardened metals or the solid rock give birth to man? Impossible. He must first be before he could make anything; how then is it possible that he could have made himself? Then who did make him? Ah! You do not wish me to believe in God—you think you can banish the Creator from his own creation. Why! your science itself is driving me to acknowledge Him. I am forced to use my own reason and my common sense, and both oblige me to believe that some superior and intelligent Power made man and to this Power we give the name God."

All these things, then have not the reason for their existence in themselves. They are dependent upon some extrinsic cause necessary for their existence. Such a cause is not found by going on and on endlessly over a series of things which have not the reason for their existence in themselves. We are again forced to bring forward a Being, which is the Necessary Being, immutable and personal. That Being we call God.

Then, we have the Physical argument founded upon the order in the universe. On all sides, in every being we recognize a wonderful order. We are ready to admit that nature exhibits to the most minute detail an astonishing design. Take the human body with the various organs functioning in a harmonious regulation of life. Then, there are the creatures at which Science marvels, the bodies of the birds and the

fishes; and the myriads of animals with their respective instincts and activities. Further, we have the seasons, Winter, with its chilly blasts; Spring, with its refreshing sweetness; the smiling summer months and their mystic moons; and the lonesome Autumn-time. All life is blended serenely, and contributes to the development of both physical and mental formation. The fact, then, that there is a magnificent order, a wonderful adaptation of means to an end, gives evidence of a perfect design, that was necessarily conceived and executed by an Intelligent Cause. We are again formed to admit that there is a Superior Intelligence which transcends the field of our finite existence and is infinite in nature. We call this Infinite Being-God.

This world, then, and everything in it point strongly to a First Mover, a First Cause, a Necessary Being, immutable and personal, a Superior Intelligence, an Absolute Being; and we fail to see how any rational creature can deliberately close his eyes and escape the conclusion that such a Being exists.

These summary remarks, then, should suggest our answer to enquirers. We believe, because in revelation and through His mouthpiece, the Church, God has told us He exists; but—and this is the important consideration here—our reason also tells us of God's existence. Those who disbelieve or even refuse to believe, fall, therefore, under Our Lord's condemnation: "Having eyes they see not," for having reason they reason not. We Catholics have the eye of Faith and the eye of Reason to show the way to God's existence. Do we use both these God-given eyes? Can we give a reason for the Faith that is in us? When we are asked "why" can we respond with the proper "because"? It is a sad reflection upon our Catholicism, but it is true, that we do not as a whole read enough—we do not think sufficiently about our beautiful and reasonable religion. If we read more and pondered more, we could see the reasonableness of our glorious Faith and appreciate it more. Imbued with a Faith accompanied by reason we can advance to the altar rail, and in a spirit of true adoration exclaim with St. Thomas: "My Lord and my God."





Chronicle

Francis E. Greene, '29

SENIOR BANQUET

The song is ended but the melody lingers on; and many a dignified Senior is wailing a weird and sad "encoré." At the Woodstock Inn, Cumberland, R. I., on the night of March, the class of 1929 made history with what was probably the best banquet ever held by a Providence College class. The dining hall was decorated in White and Black, and a large Providence banner was draped over the piano. The table, L-shaped, was set on the eastern side of the Hall.

During the meal, songs were sung by the Woodstock entertainers, and the orchestra, under the direction of Frank Campanelli, rendered selections, including the college cheer and Alma Mater songs. After dinner, J. Austin Quirk and (not James Hanaway) Charles Riley entertained with a delightfully refreshing satire on some of our class experiences. This was followed by a series of impersonations by the very versatile George Treanor. The entertainment concluded with the rendition of popular songs by Hector J. Allen.

John D. Coughlin, Class President and Toastmaster, gave a brief address, and introduced the speaker of the evening. John C. Hanley spoke briefly and with his characteristic humor upon the futility of after-dinner speeches. He was followed by Rev. L. C. McCarthy, O.P., President of Providence College, who spoke impressively upon the necessity of having confidence in our fellow-man. Rev. D. M. Galliher, O.P., Dean of Providence College, delivered the closing speech, and its effect upon the assembly is still felt by the hearers, much to the benefit of all with whom they come in contact. Rev. R. E.

Kavanah, O.P., and Rev. J. C. Kearns, O.P., Class Moderator, were present as representatives of the Senior faculty of Instruction.

The affair was in charge of the following committee: James F. Hanaway, Chairman; Frederick J. Motté; Angelo Murchelano; Francis T. Flynn; and Edward B. Downs.

AQUINO LITERARY CLUB

The Aquino Literary Club gave an entertainment on Wednesday, March 6, in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas, patron of all Catholic institutions of learning, whose feast day is March 7. The members and guests were welcomed in a brief opening address by President Victor Gabriele. The program comprised instrumental and vocal selections, and the reading of papers on the illustrious saint. The large gathering was favored by two piano solos by Francis Cappelli, '30. Joseph Sharkey rendered two vocal selections, accompanied by Mr. Cappelli. A quartet, composed of Vincent Rosignoli, Thomas Angelone, Emilio Catullo, and Armand Famiglietti, delighted the audience. Pasquale Indeglia read a beautiful poem on St. Thomas, and John Capabianco read an interesting article entitled "The Student's St. Thomas," which was written by Ugo Caroselli for the PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC. The program closed with an hilarious skit, one of the highlights of the evening, by Victor Gabriele and Bernard Ferrara.

The Aquino Literary Club observes St. Thomas Day every year by presenting a program of a musical and literary character. And that reminds us that sometime around the first of May, the Club will present an Italian play, to be followed by dancing, in the college auditorium. Moderator, Rev. D. M. Della Penta, O.P., is busy now selecting the cast.

PYRAMID PLAYERS

Rev. B. F. McLaughlin, O.P., Moderator, announces that the rehearsals of the Pyramid Players are progressing very satisfactorily. "The Merchant of Venice" has been chosen as this season's play, and previous success of the Players warrants us to predict a brilliant interpretation. The cast, as announced in the Tie-up is as follows: Shylock, Victor Gabriele; Antonio, Joseph Breen; Bassanio, Richard O'Kane; Duke of Venice, Thomas Dugan; Prince of Morocco, Charles McCormick; Solanio, N. Boule; Gratiano, Francis Canario; Lorenzo, John La Croix; Tubal, Siegfried Arnold; Gobbo, George Treanor; Laun-

celot Gobbo, Leo Hafey; Gaoler, Edward Deery; Leonardo, William Lyons; Balthazar, Edward Shea; Stephano, Joseph Meister; Clerk of the Court, Thomas Martin; Nerissa, Stanley Gaines; Jessica, Joseph Bailey, and Portia, James F. Hanaway.

Most of the cast has wide experience in plays, and the others are developing so rapidly that their work is certain to be of high calibre. Arrangements have been completed for the following performances: Empire Theatre, New Bedford, Mass., April 26; and Providence College Auditorium, May 3; while arrangements with Westerly and Woonsocket theatres are still pending.

JUNIOR PROMENADE The stage is set; the lights are dimmed; and ere this copy of the ALEMBIC is out of date, the curtain will rise on the annual Junior Promenade, to be held, as usual, at the Narragansett Hotel, Providence, on Tuesday evening, April 9. No effort has been spared in the committee's task of maintaining and even surpassing the Proms of the past. An excellent orchestra, valuable favors, and an enticing menu will be at the disposal of all attending. Since it shall be our distinct privilege and favor to be present, we shall publish a complete account in the May issue for the benefit of those outside the College and the five or six students who may find it impossible to attend. When seeking someone to thank for a very enjoyable evening, don't forget that Moderator Rev. R. E. Kavanah, O.P., and the following committee have been working diligently to supply your night of pleasure: James V. McGovern, Chairman; James J. O'Leary, Ralph Daniels, Edward J. Mellucci, Philip McNamara, John L. Baeszler, William J. Cotter, Francis Coleman, and George Foley.

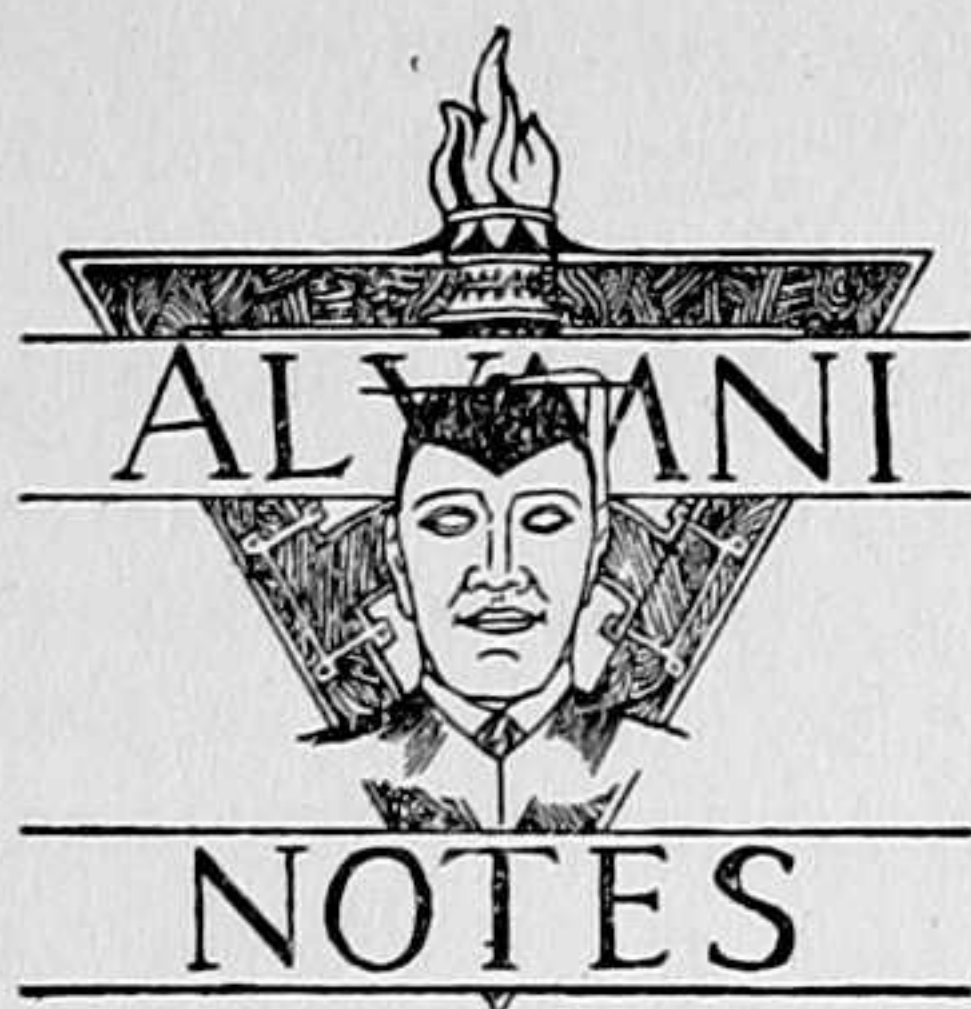
SOPHOMORE SKIT Again the Sophs took the lead and presented something new for the entertainment of the students; this time in the form of an Appreciation show. The show consisted of ten vaudeville acts in which, for the greater part, only Sophomores took part. The idea of the show was to show appreciation of the Sophs for the hearty cooperation of the student body in making the recent dance a success.

Albert Gaudet, Chairman of the committee and Master-of-Ceremonies, was introduced by John Krieger, Class President. Joseph Breen, '29, the first entertainer to appear, gave an amusing dialogue.

He was followed by the Guzman Hall delegation, Messrs. Hartke, Madrick, and Murphy. The Pre-Medical students were third on the program, while Messrs. Notte, Roddy, and Sullivan were fourth with a comedy skit. The fifth portion was taken care of by "Dancing Bill" Iovanna, who was followed by a Pre-Med quartet, composed of Messrs. Angelone, Catullo, Famiglietti, and Rossignoli. Peter Pimentel and Frank Capalli offered a piano and voice duet. The program closed with successive solos by Ed Lynch, Bob Riccardo, and Ed Dictefano.

The acts were all so fine that it is difficult to pick the best. For the benefit of the curious let us say that the Pre-Med specialty, which appeared fifth was under the direction of Jimmie Irazzi, and he was assisted by the leads, Messrs. Tom Robinson and Norman Rousseau.





George P. Earnshaw, '29 — George B. McClellan, '29

Dr. Francis A. Holland, President of our Alumni association and former baseball captain, has made an offer to establish an annual reward to the most valuable player on our baseball club. The trophy will most probably be accepted. The manner in which the award will be given will be found in later editions of the ALEMBIC.

'23—The Reverend Joseph P. O'Gara and the Reverend Robert E. Meadows send greetings from Maine. They promise a fitting reception to anyone who might have occasion to visit the Portland diocese.

'23—The Reverend Leo J. Carlin, A.M., who is stationed at Portsmouth, N. H., made a hurried trip to these plantations recently and gave a Lenten instruction at his own parish church, St. Joseph's, Pawtucket.

'24—William Beck, athletic director at Holderness School, Plymouth, N. H., and former right fielder, visited during the Easter time.

'24—John B. McKenna is continuing his medical studies, and the second alumnus of the family, Frank, '27, is with the Atlantic and Pacific stores in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'24—The members of the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-four wish to announce to the Alumni of Providence College that the plans for their reunion this year on Commencement Day are being rapidly culminated. The committee in charge is made up of Justin P. McCarthy, Chairman; Francis J. McCabe, Joseph P. McGee, Charles A. Gibbons, Joseph F. Flynn, and Daniel J. O'Neill.

'25—Frank R. Foley, since last September, has become a duly accredited son of Solon. Frank has been favored with some recent decisions in several notable law cases in the courts of Rhode Island.

'25—Timothy J. Sullivan is again with the Providence Tribune, having resigned from the faculty at Norwich in order to continue his journalistic endeavors.

'26—Walter F. Reilly is now working in the Accounting Department of the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., Cranston, R. I.

'26—James B. Leach may be seen at any time during banking hours in a cashier's cage at the People's Savings Bank, Providence, R. I.

'26—Robert J. Johnson is with the Edison Co., New York City, N. Y.

'26—William H. Leslie is in business with his father at Wakefield, R. I.

'26—J. Howard McGrath informs us that the insurance fund of the class of '26 is in a very favorable condition. Premiums are now due for what is to be the first class endowment.

'26—Thomas J. Maroney is night manager of the Roger Smith, in Stanford, Conn.

'26—William H. O'Connor, editor of the ALEMBIC three years ago, was one of our most enthusiastic basketball followers. "Skip" is still professor of English at Burrillville.

'27—"Jimmie" Boylan visited the radio studio at which our boys were playing recently. "Jimmie" gave the boys a little advice—and coming from "Jimmie" it must have been good.

'27—Frederick A. Crothers has become affiliated with Starrett & Co. Fred is Purchasing Agent for the Company at their Albany office.

'27—Charles J. McCarthy wants it known that New Haven, like Providence, is beautiful in the Spring. Charlie can state this with certitude as he is passing through his second Spring season at the School of Law at Yale.

'27—Robert Orpen is studying at Boston University Law School.

'27—Archibald Dailey is a draughtsman at Brown and Sharpe's, Providence.

'27—Raymond J. Doyle, former captain and second baseman, plans to give up professional baseball in order to continue his work with the United Tobacco Co. of Pennsylvania.

'28—J. Austin Carroll is doing advertising work in Salem, Mass.

'28—Spencer Sullivan is another benedict who has joined the pedagogical ranks.

'28—Edward McLaughlin is with the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. Ed is junior accountant.

'28—We extend a word of sympathy to Edwin Connors upon the death of his father. "Ed" is studying at Boston University School of Medicine.

'28—Leo Supple, who is in business with his brother in Franklin, Mass., made our recent retreat.

'27—Daniel Norton is with the Lou Pieri Sports Company in Pawtucket.

'27—Chester F. Sears, former welterweight champion when in college, has given up the padded gloves to enter business in Boston.

'27—John Triggs is teaching at Randolph, Mass.

Word has been received that Louis Pilloni, '28; Charles Earley, '30; Joseph Porter, '30; Joseph Flynn, '29; John Donnelly, '29, and Edward McCaughey, '25, are diligently pursuing their medical studies at Boston University.

When the basketball team closed its season this year at the Brown Gym, many of the Alumni were present to extend congratulations to the members of the team. Some of those present were: Justin P. McCarthy, Walter Considine, John Halloran, James Colgan, James Morley, Henry Dalton, and Edward Lewis.





John E. Krieger, '31.

PROVIDENCE VS. ARMY at West Point

The Army Mule Kicks Again

A speedy, straight-shooting cadet corps of basket shooters broke a Providence six-game winning streak by upsetting our 'Varsity, 36-32. The game was close throughout, first one team leading and then the other. A spirited closing rally gave the future generals the margin of victory.

Eddie Wineapple, massive left guard, led the assault on the enemy baskets by pelting it for a collection of twelve points. Chick Gainor edged himself close behind Wineapple by hitting the counting station for eight points.

The defeat marked the second winter setback handed the Dominicans. The football team suffered a decisive beating earlier in the year.

The score of the game:

ARMY				PROVIDENCE			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Draper, l. f.....	0	1	1	Krieger, l. f.....	2	0	4
Zimmerman	0	0	0	McCue, r. f.....	2	0	4
Mansfield	3	0	6	Wheeler, c.....	1	0	2
Krueger, r. f.....	7	2	16	Wineapple, l. g....	5	2	12
Strother, c.....	3	5	11	Gainor	4	0	8
Mesesnger, l. g....	1	0	2	Szydla, r. g.....	1	0	2
Malloy, r. g.....	0	0	0		—	—	—
	—	—	—	Totals	15	2	32
Totals	14	8	36				

Referee—Kinney (Yale). Umpire—Stevens (Newburgh). Time of halves 20 minutes.

PROVIDENCE VS. UPSALA

at East Orange

Starting Anew

Coach McClellan's basketball heavers put in another bid for a winning streak, taking Upsala into camp by the lop-sided score of 64-32. Nettled by the defeat which Army inflicted the day before, the Dominican title seekers entered the game intent with the purpose of disposing of the future teachers in short order. The score indicates that the intention was fulfilled.

Eddie Wineapple, flashing one of the most brilliant exhibitions of basket shooting ever exhibited, was the outstanding white and black luminary with a net collection of twenty-eight points. The collection ties him with the season high mark of twenty-eight points. At times the Upsala contingent were so bewildered with the speed of the Providence attack that they stood still and watched the ball moving around with bulletlike precision.

The score of the game follows:

PROVIDENCE				UPSALA			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
McCue, l. f.....	3	1	7	R. Johnson, l. f.....	0	0	0
Krieger, r. f.....	7	4	18	J. Parsons, l. f....	1	0	2
Welch, r. f.....	2	0	4	W. Johnson, r. f... 1	0	0	2
Wheeler, c.....	2	0	4	Miller, c.	4	1	9
Gainor, l. g.....	3	0	6	Workman, l. g.....	0	0	0
Szydla, g.....	0	1	0	O. Parsons, l. g....	6	1	13
Wineapple, r. g....	11	6	28	Detrich, l. g.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—	Sanstrom, r. g.....	1	1	3
Totals	26	12	64	Helberg, r. g.....	0	0	0
				Spastrom, r. g.....	1	1	3
					—	—	—
				Totals	14	4	32

Referee—Reed. Time—20-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE VS. CRESCENT CLUB

at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Too Close for Comfort

Forced to extend themselves to the utmost, P. C. eased in a one-point victory over the Crescent Club in the third game of the annual New York invasion. The final score was 35-34. The margin of victory shows quite clearly the type of game that the wearers of the white and black were forced to play in order to annex the fourteenth success of the season.

Larry Wheeler and his band of fame seekers led at the end of the first half by the meagre margin of five points. In the second period

the Crescent outfit crept up on even terms with the Providence representatives. A last-minute rally, however, sent our ship of hope over the victory line by the narrow margin of a foul point.

Every member of the Dominican team played splendid basketball. Bill McCue with his clever defensive work was outstanding. Stan Szydla and Larry Wheeler also contributed strong defensive play.

PROVIDENCE				CRESCENT			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Krieger, f.....	8	0	16	Flanagan, f.....	2	1	5
McCue, f.....	0	0	0	Rhodes, f.	1	1	3
Wheeler, c.....	3	0	6	Roes, f.....	3	1	7
Wineapple, g.....	4	2	10	Daly, c.....	0	0	0
Welch, g.....	0	0	0	Simmen, g.	5	0	10
Szydla, g.....	1	1	3	Van Dusen, g.....	2	5	9
Gainor, g.....	0	0	0				
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals	16	3	35	Totals	13	8	34
Referee—Ward, Brennan.							

PROVIDENCE VS. LOWELL TEXTILE

at Salem, Mass.

Those Straight Shooting Smith Hillers

Providence chalked up a comparatively easy win at the expense of Lowell Textile by the one-sided score of 54-38. Coach McClellan's aspirants for eastern collegiate honors stepped into the van at the outset and continued in that capacity for the remainder of the game.

Previous to the start of the game Eddie Wineapple was presented with a traveling set by Salem admirers. Just to show his appreciation Eddie clicked in sixteen points before he was removed from the game via the personal foul route.

The game was the fifteenth ribbed court success for the Veritas cohorts in eighteen starts.

PROVIDENCE				LOWELL TEXTILE			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
McCue, r. f.....	2	0	4	Allard, l. b.....	1	2	4
Welch, r. f.....	0	0	0	Farrell, l. b.....	0	1	1
Krieger, l. f.....	10	6	26	McGee, l. b.....	1	2	4
Forrest, l. f.....	0	0	0	Hardman, r. b.....	0	2	2
Wheeler, c.....	2	2	6	Savard, c.	4	1	9
Gainor, c.....	0	0	0	Quigley, l. f.....	1	2	4
Szydla, r. b.....	1	0	0	Ketorer, l. f.....	0	0	0
Derivan, r. b.....	0	0	0	Moran, l. f.....	0	0	0
McCormack, r. b..	0	0	0	Jarek, r. f.....	5	4	14
Wineapple, l. b....	6	4	16		—	—	—
Cooley, l. b.....	0	0	0		—	—	—
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals	21	12	54	Totals	12	14	38
Referee—Tower. Time—20-minute periods.							

PROVIDENCE VS. WORCESTER TECH

at Worcester

Outwitting the Technicians

A fighting, but non-capable Worcester Tech team fell easy victims to the powerful attack of Providence in the nineteenth game of the year for McClellan and his clan of doughty warriors. The tally sheet showed a tabulation of forty-seven points for our cause and twenty-five for Tech crew.

Eddie Wineapple, high-scoring left guard, again led the attack of the Dominicans, aided and abetted by brilliant sharpshooting by Larry Wheeler, angular captain. Wheeler contributed sixteen points to the noble cause, while Wineapple amassed fifteen. Bill McCue, devoting most of his time to back court duty, found a few spare moments in which to chalk up nine points. Three of his baskets were sensational long shots.

The score of the game follows:

PROVIDENCE				WORCESTER POLYTECH			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Krieger, l. f.....	1	3	5	Cullen, l. f.....	3	1	7
Welch, l. f.....	0	0	0	Holmes, l. f.....	0	0	0
McCue, r. f.....	4	1	9	Asp, r. f.....	2	0	4
Cooley, r. f.....	0	0	0	Surrington, r. f....	0	0	0
Wheeler, c.....	7	2	16	S. Babbitt, c.....	2	1	5
Gainor, c.....	0	0	0	Cotton, l. g.....	1	0	2
Wineapple, l. g....	7	1	15	Rice, l. g.....	0	0	0
Cody, l. g.....	0	0	0	Dennison, r. g.....	3	1	7
Szydla, r. g.....	1	0	2		—	—	—
Derivan, r. g.....	0	0	0	Totals	11	3	25
	—	—	—				
Totals	20	7	47				

Referee—Bennett. Time—20-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE VS. BROWN

at Providence

The Harmless Brown Bear

Flashing one of the most brilliant exhibitions of the season, a speedy, far superior Providence basketball team proved its superiority to the delight of fifteen hundred spectators in the Brown gym by running the Brown bear to earth. The so-called running of the Dominicans resulted in a crushing 49-23 victory.

Passing, cutting, stalling, and in fact doing everything that makes up a smart basketball team, the Dominicans were truly brilliant in their work. The huge crowd went absolutely "bug" at times as the white and black warriors continued to pile up points on sensational plays.

The win spelled number seventeen for Captain Wheeler and his accomplices. Wheeler's floorwork, steady passwork, and clever generalship was one of the salient features of the win. Eddie Wineapple with eighteen points was the shooting sensation of the evening. Wineapple's shots were of the difficult order, and served to keep the crowd cheering.

Stan Szydla, plugging guard, covered himself with glory by playing one of the finest games of his career. His guarding and handling of the ball was especially outstanding. During the halves of the game it was announced that he had been granted the meritorious reward of captain for next year as appreciation for his fine work. Bill McCue, he of the perpetual smile and black hair, was another performer who rendered splendid service in subduing Brown. McCue's work all season has been highly commendable.

The score of the game:

PROVIDENCE				BROWN			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Krieger, l. f.....	3	3	9	Smith, l. f.....	0	0	0
Gainor, l. f.....	0	0	0	Heller, l. f.....	2	3	7
McCue, r. f.....	3	0	6	Synder, r. f.....	3	0	6
Welch, r. f.....	1	0	2	Hemelright, r. f...	1	0	2
Wheeler, c.....	3	0	6	Brown, c.....	3	1	7
Cooley, c.....	0	0	0	Marschner, c.....	0	0	0
Forrest, c.....	0	0	0	Fogarty, l. g.....	0	0	0
Wineapple, l. g....	6	6	18	Morey, l. g.....	0	0	0
McCormick, l. g...	0	0	0	Mozzochi, l. g.....	0	0	0
Foster, l. g.....	0	0	0	Edes, l. g.....	0	1	1
Szydla, r. g.....	4	0	0	Farber, r. g.....	0	0	0
Derivan, r. g.....	0	0	0				
Cody, r. g.....	0	0	0				
				Totals	9	5	23
Totals	20	9	49				

Referee—Martin, Souders. Umpire—Hoyt. Time—20-minute periods.

STAN SZYDLA'S SUCCESS

As a reward for most meritorious service rendered in his three years as a member of the 'Varsity basketball team, Stan Szydla, sober, serious, ever consistent Stan, was elected to captain the ribbed court forces for the years 1929-'30. That his election was justified goes without saying.

Shaking loose from the appellation Stanley at an early age, Mr. Szydla made it known that the nickname "Sid" was sweeter sounding to his ears. Accordingly, he was Sid throughout the basketball campaign. His guarding ability in the background, consistency in periods of crisis, and his genial spirit were material factors in bringing him the

reward he so richly deserved. In addition to basketball success, Sid has been a member of the football team for three years.

EXPLODING THE DOMINICAN BASKETBALL BOMB

Starting the season with steady rhythmic beats and then increasing the cadence until the very hum of those beats reached the proportions of a roar, a powerful white and black Dominican racing machine, guided by five able basketeers, eased into eastern collegiate basketball annals with a record of seventeen victories. Only three quintets of the twenty played can boast of reversing the victory march of the Veritas entry.

The season was especially remarkable in view of the fact that but one game was played on a home court. In invading foreign fields the "Traveling Friars" covered approximately three thousand miles, or a trip equivalent to crossing the continent. The scalps added to our scalp lock include those of Dartmouth, Yale, St. Johns, Springfield, Holy Cross, Brown University, and the Crescent club.

Larry Wheeler, long, lanky, good looking, but otherwise all right, captained the Dominican forces to the inspiring record. He was most ably assisted in his commendable results by Stan Szydla, Eddie Wineapple, Billy McCue, Johnny Krieger, and Chick Gainor. A number of substitutes including Jimmie Welch, Will Cooley, Georgie Forrest, Eddie Derivan, and John MacCormac rendered valuable aid.

The bulk of credit, of course, goes to Coach McClellan, dubbed "Gen" by those intimate with his doings. "Gen" is without a doubt one of the smartest coaches in the East. His uncanny handling of the team, infallible judgment in times of suspense, and the splendid example set by him are attributes wished for by many and possessed by few. It is hoped that he will be back again next year. May it be a repetition of this year's success!

Below we present a

RESUME OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON

Providence	42	Northeastern	31
Providence	34	Dartmouth	32
Providence	28	Yale	27
Providence	32	St. John's	30
Providence	45	State Teachers' College	31
Providence	23	St. Thomas	28

Providence	43	Coast Guard	34
Providence	25	Springfield	21
Providence	51	Clark	28
Providence	35	Holy Cross	28
Providence	35	Holy Cross	31
Providence	33	Connecticut	35
Providence	41	New Hampshire	24
Providence	31	Lowell Textile	21
Providence	32	Army	36
Providence	64	Upsala	32
Providence	36	Crescent Athletic Club	34
Providence	54	Lowell Textile	38
Providence	47	Worcester Tech	25
Providence	49	Brown	23

KRIEGER KRACKS

MEMORIES OF THE CARPETBAGGERS

According to the demon statistician, John E. Farrell, the basketball team in its rambling covered approximately three thousand miles. Every week-end it was a familiar sight to see the white and black athletes trundling up to the school to get transportation for some distant point. It was the practice of Coach McClellan to bring 10 men with him on most trips, and it was also the practice of the giant mentor to put a return sign on the absent-minded athletes of the squad. As the representation landed in a foreign port with their small bags in their arms, they looked like the carpetbaggers of bygone times.

HAL BRADLEY AND HIS SAILOR PANTS RETURN

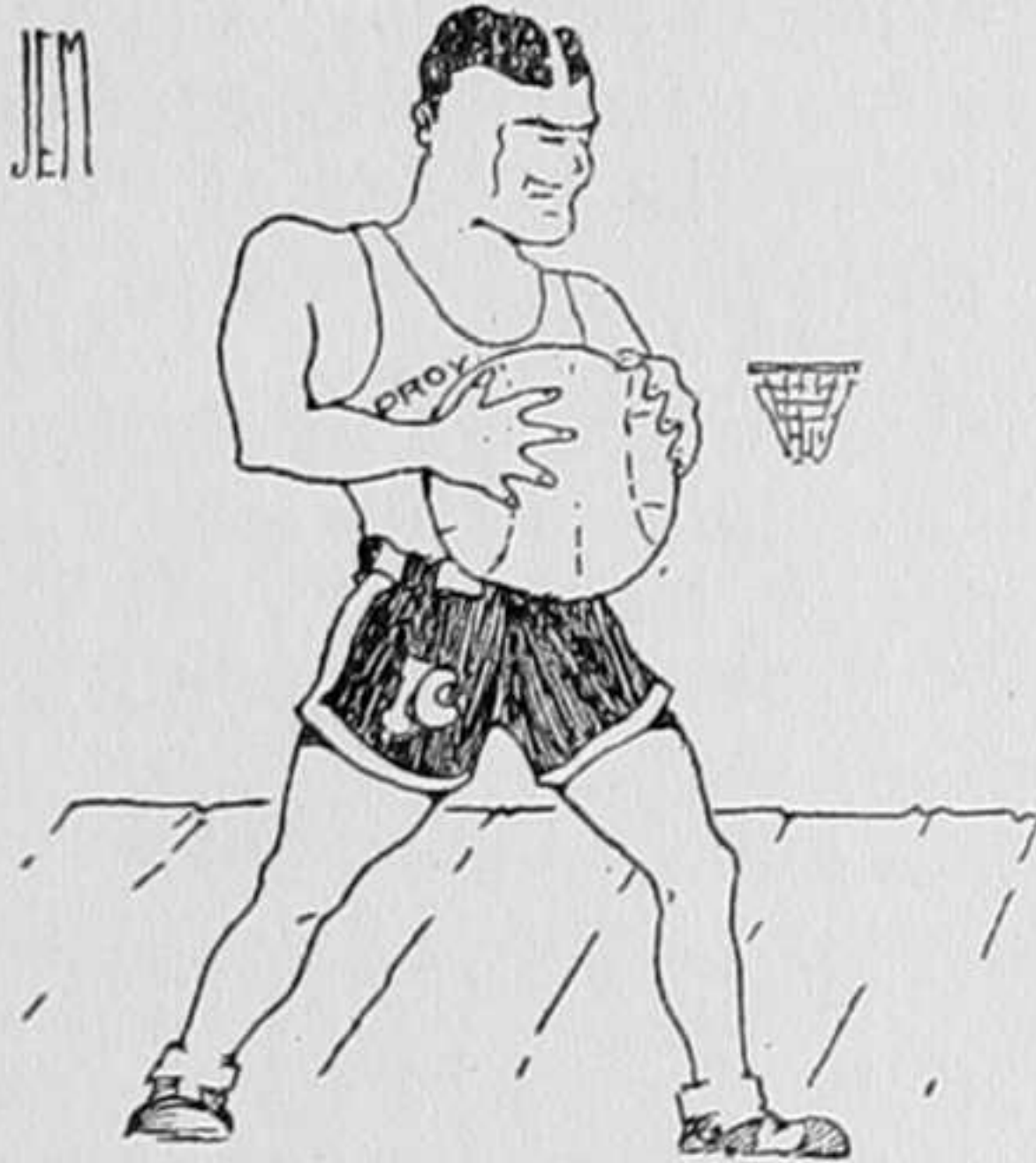
By the time this edition of the ALEMBIC is published Hal Bradley, regular 'Varsity moundsman for three seasons, will have, to the satisfaction of those who make it a point to attend baseball practices, proved conclusively that sailor pants and rubbers do not hinder a pitcher in his efforts to baffle. Bradley makes it a habit to attend early season practices with flapping sailor garb and Hood rubbers. Bradley is an interesting figure as he stands on the mound with twenty-one-inch bottoms waving gaily in the breeze, a close second of a Freshman cap on his head, and size nine rubbers keeping his lower appendages warm and dry.

MORE HONORS FOR WINEAPPLE

Providence, in addition to cutting a niche of recognition in eastern collegiate basketball reckonings, attracted nationwide publicity by virtue of Eddie Wineapple's berth on an All-American basketball team. Eddie finished second in the eastern scoring field with an average of slightly over thirteen points per game. The All-American team was picked by a capable array of basketball authorities. Which all goes to prove that a person can be left handed and still be normal.

BILL McCUE, RICCARDO, and LOBDELL—
MATHEMATICIANS

The athletic triumverate mentioned above, who, incidentally, spend much time lying on their backs attempting to figure out new romantic fields to conquer, greet us with the announcement that if a penny is doubled each day for thirty days the possessor of that aforesaid penny will have pushed his fortune up to the twenty-five million dollar mark. Those who challenge the veracity of the statement are amenable to convincing figures by trying the experiment, the three figureheads aver.





BASEBALL SCHEDULE

FOR
1929

Tues.,	April	9—	Northeastern University at Providence.
Sat.,	"	13—	City College of New York at Providence.
Wed.,	"	17—	Army at West Point.
Thurs.,	"	18—	Upsala College at East Orange, N. J.
Fri.,	"	19—	St. John's College at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sat.,	"	20—	Villanova College at Villanova, Pa.
Wed.,	"	24—	Norwich University at Providence.
Fri.,	"	26—	Holy Cross at Worcester, Mass.
Sat.,	"	27—	Connecticut State at Providence.
Wed.,	May	1—	University of New Hampshire at Durham, N. H.
Sat.,	"	4—	Mt. St. Mary's College at Providence.
Tues.,	"	7—	St. Bonaventure's College at Providence.
Thurs.,	"	9—	William and Mary College at Providence.
Sat.,	"	11—	Brown University at Aldrich Field.
Wed.,	"	15—	Villanova College at Providence.
Fri.,	"	17—	Middlebury College at Providence.
Sat.,	"	18—	Brown University at Aldrich Field.
Tues.,	"	21—	Boston College at Boston, Mass.
Fri.,	"	24—	Georgetown University at Providence.
Thurs.,	"	30—	Meiji University of Tokio, Japan, at Providence (pending).
Sat.,	June	1—	St. John's College at Providence.
Wed.,	"	5—	Boston College at Providence.
Sat.,	"	8—	Yale University at New Haven, Conn.
Tues.,	"	11—	Holy Cross at Providence (Alumni Day).
Thurs.,	"	13—	University of Iowa at Providence (Commencement Day).